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WESTMINSTER, MD. SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1874.

VOL. IX.—NO. 33.

Select Poetry.

From the Home Journal.

THE ORCHESTRA OF SPRING.

How many a note—how many a varied lay—
Greet the glad ear, re-echoing near and far,
When hills and vales, woods, meads, and bosage
are
Newly adorned, and twinkles every spray,
And spring's gay feathered choir, in welcome May,
The foot-gates of their melody unbar,
Singing as though might e'er their joyance mar—
Singing of love—from dawn till shut of day!
Hark to the Peck of birds, the bobolink,
How sweetly he trills! The shy wood-thrush
Chants like a saint. The chat with yellow breast
Pipes laughingly. Now listen—one would think
You could know all wood-songs. Hear how gush
The mocking-bird's clear tones, whom I love best
am
I have not named the half, around, above—
Seen or unseen—at rest or on the wing—
They make the green aisles of the wood-rose ring.
In the soft air, blithe twittering swallows move,
Rapidly circling. The amorous turtle-dove
Coos to his mate, persuasive. Sparrows bring
Their slender chirps to swell the praise of Spring,
And the bright rob-red thrills the listening grove.
The pewee, robin, and little indigo.
All are so musical. From tree to tree
They flit, and to each other tell how sweet
It is to live, and love, and sing. The crow,
Though seeming sad, exerts down his joy to me.
And on he flaps, his dusky spouse to meet.

Select Story.

A ROMANCE OF THE STREET.

A group of ragged girls were playing on the sidewalk of Baxter street, half blocking the way with their boisterous antics. Dr. Henry Colton, a young physician attached to a charitable institution in the neighborhood, found it almost impossible to push his way through the crowd of loyden. Uncouth faces and rough words greeted him, as with no very gentle hands he made for himself a passage through their midst. One of the girls, bolder even than her noisy companions, caught at his coat and pulled him half around. He looked at the girl, whose temerity excited his surprise. She was about twelve or thirteen years old, and as ragged and dirty as any one of the lot; yet her beauty shone through the dirt and rags. Her cheeks were round and dimpled, her lips full and red, her eyes and hair as black as midnight, and her form apparently perfect. Dr. Colton passed on a few steps, but the girl's beauty excited his interest, and he called her. At first she was disposed to run away, but finally she went up to him, taking care to keep just out of arm's reach.

"What is your name, my girl?" asked the young man.

"Rosa Carden," she replied.

"Where do you live?"

"With Mammy Ginger, down there in the rag cellar—she's my aunt, she is."

"Well, Rosa," said he, as he started to go, "you are pretty and bright witted to live in this place and with these hard people. Wouldn't you like to go to school and be a lady when you grow up?"

Rosa's idea of a lady was associated with fine clothes, and so she replied affirmatively, without the slightest hesitation.

"Then I'll tell you what to do, Rosa," added Henry, "wash your face, comb your hair, and—do you know where the Girls' Refuge is?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"You go up there, ring the bell, and ask for Mrs. Brown. Tell her you want to live there and learn to be a lady," and he went on about his business leaving the girl with her noisy companions.

But Rosa had no relish for romping. What the young man had said to her kept running in her head, and she soon went to her squabbling home thinking it over and over.

Rosa received little but bad usage and short rations from Mammy Ginger, who only kept the girl for the work she could squeeze out of her. Her present life was so miserable that no change could well have been made for the worse, and so she was inclined to follow the stranger's advice. That night she dreamed of being a fine lady, dressed in silk, and with plenty to eat; and upon waking in the morning she no longer hesitated.

After exciting Mammy Ginger's wonder by washing her face and combing her hair as well as she could with her fingers, Rosa slipped out and went to the Girls' Refuge, an institution for the care and education of orphan and pauper girls. Ringing the bell, she inquired for Mrs. Brown, as the stranger had told her to do, and at last reached the presence of the matron of the institution.

"Well, little girl," said Mrs. Brown, "what do you want?"

"I want to learn to be a lady."

The odd reply, covered with the striking beauty, won the attention of the matron, and Rosa soon found herself a regular inmate of the institution.

Eight years rolled by, bringing Doctor Henry Colton to the age of thirty. Eight eventful years to the country and to him. For they compromised the bloody years of the rebellion. At the first breaking out of the hostilities, he entered the army as an assistant surgeon, and served throughout the entire struggle. At its close, like thousands of others, he found himself completely unsettled in habits and disposition. With a few hundred dollars saved from his pay, he returned to New York, to find that his friends had been scattered.

Nobody knew him, and he had not a relative in the world.

But I have a profession, he said to himself, perfected by years of practical army experience. I will establish myself and prosperity will bring friends around me again.

Naturally buoyant and hopeful he prepared to recommence life, with good spirits and bright anticipations for the future. He hired a respectable but modest office, on a semi-fashionably up-town street, furnished it plainly, and displayed a sign denoting his calling. Days passed and no patronage came. He saw his dollars going out with none coming in.

I must economize, he concluded; I must give up my boarding to begin with.

After that the lounge in his office was

Poetry.

THE APPLE BLOSSOM.

O bloom of the apple so bright!
Rich rose bloom, dissolving in white;
When Phoebus' blush
Wrings thy beautiful blush,
It must have been clipped in the dawn's tender flush
Of softest, most exquisite light.

The blossom of April art thou!
"The blossom that hangs on the bough"
That sweet cowslip bell
And wild story might tell
Of his feat on the swart, where thy petals so well
Adorn his grave malachite brow.

He may lead pretty Mab by the hand
To trip with his light-footed hand
Here, on blossom-strewn sod,
While the nightingales sing,
And the bats wheel in time, with their broad, flapping wings,
Till they bear the fays home to their land.

O bloom of the apple! my rhyme
Should be read after day's golden prime;
When flowers go to sleep,
And pale stars rise and peep,
Into orchards where sprites a long revel might keep,
And elfin harps airtily chime!

Our Olio.

MIDSUMMER-DAY.

It may be some infinitesimal portion of the great system of compensations and balances in the universe that, since the merry superstitions of one side of the year take Halloween to themselves, so those of the other side should have their Midsummer night, though why they fastened upon the vigil of St. John the Baptist nobody seems to know. It is, however, probable that the whole observance of the day was a remnant of some heathen celebration of the same day, allowed to continue its contemporary habit by reason of its harmless character; and certain instructions of the Latin poets, to the effect that it is the night on which to lie on the back, with the ears stuffed with laurel, and conjure the moon, would fortify that opinion.

The formal solemnity of the day, indeed, has no become, except in certain parts of England and Ireland, quite obsolete; but it was always of a simple and rather interesting character, though varying in different districts. Thus, for example, in the country around Oxford the day was observed by a procession that carried the representation of a great dragon about the streets, with dancing and revelry, in honor of a famous victory once obtained in the shire by Cuthred, who captured from the King of Mercia his standard, surmounted by a golden dragon; and in the first court of Magdalen College a sermon was preached, the court being lined with green branches that the exhortation might the more forcibly bring to mind the exhortations of the Baptist in the wilderness. In Scotland, meantime, the sole relic of the day's observance at the present time is in some peculiarly magnificent ceremonies of the Freemasons.

At Melrose, after certain processional services and a dinner, the great body of Masons form a line two by two, and holding lighted faubaux aloft, wearing all their most superb insignia, and carrying their heraldic banners, they march three times round the Cross, and then proceed to the abbey, through throngs of people, and with bands of music. Inside the abbey they three times make the circuit of the ruins, their torches throwing out all the mighty and beautiful outlines and shadows of the mouldering walls and mullions; and striking at last at the chancel, the band gathers up, and they join in the song of "Scots wha hae," and rockets are let off, and blue-lights shed their glare upon a strangely solemn and splendid scene.

These, however, are exceptional instances of the form of ceremonial, the general observance of the day in olden times being of a far less elaborate sort, in which youths and maidens, children and old men, participated. The initial step of this ancient and universal custom was an excursion into the woods, the merry-makers coming home—after having caught without touching it the fern seed, which, from its minute size, was supposed to have the quality of rendering one invisible—laden with green boughs and summer flowers that they hung above their heads—under which a lamp burned all that night—till the door was shaded with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, roses and lilies, vervain, trefol, and rue, all of which were held to have magical properties, and the power of averting the thunder-bolt. This done, they built bonfires on the middle of the streets—called bonfires or bonfires—supposedly because every body brought to them the boon of a fagot. Some have sought to give a pious explanation to the origin of these bonfires by saying that they typified the "bright and shining light" of him whose voice was heard crying in the wilderness; but as after the people had thrown into the blaze their garlands of vervain and violets, believing that so all their ills were consumed with them, it is their habit to leap through the blaze themselves, the whole thing would seem to be more closely allied to the fires of Moloch than to any thing else. While the fires burned, the town was patrolled by a watch, which every male citizen was expected to join unless he sent a substitute; and, after taking an oath to keep the peace, this watch strolled up and down, decorated with wreaths and ribbons, sometimes with jewels and all their bravery. Often in such large places as London this watch on its parade became a sight worth seeing, numbering as many as a couple of thousand men, carrying torches on long poles, bright with garlands, and gay with songs; the nobles made a practice of coming out to see it, and King Henry brought Catherine of Aragon and his court to view it before he abolished it on account of his fear of the ultimate dangers of such an assemblage of armed men.

Probably this order of the monarch's by putting an end to the watch, put an end to the fires naturally, and so gradually to the fires naturally, and so gradually to the

Wire and its Manufacture.

Hydrophobia.

We extract from the Commercial Bulletin the following interesting facts regarding the manufacture of wire in New England, and the various uses to which it is employed:

There are now sixteen wire-drawing establishments in New England, of which two are located in Maine, two in Connecticut, and twelve in Massachusetts. Of these, Boston claims two. Among the Massachusetts wire-drawing mills, that of the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing Company, of Worcester, is probably the largest in the country.

There are few branches of metal manufacture whose products are in wider use. Wire is employed for the thousands of miles of telegraph lines; it is woven by machinery, strong enough to make fences, and of such delicacy as to make the finest wire cloth; large quantities are used for galvanic batteries and for other scientific purposes; it is twisted into the powerful cables of suspension bridges, and furnishes cables for submarine telegraphs, and ropes for ships, for use in mines, and for other purposes. From steel are made crinoline wire and wire to be drawn into needles of all kinds. A large business has sprung up in the manufacture of wire for piano strings, and of the delicate plated wire for covering the strings. Tinned broom wire makes a considerable item. Of late years there has been a great sale for white wire culinary and ornamental table utensils. It is used in the manufacture of cord clothing, heddles, reeds, and other machinery. Woven wire of iron, brass and copper, appears in its floor, paper, and other machinery; it makes its way into baskets, screens, sieves, cages, fenders, dish covers, nets, and an infinite variety of similar forms. Coppered pall ball wire is a considerable product. Gold and silver wire is plated or woven into exquisite filigree work, into chains, and into threads for making gold lace; and wires of the various metals are employed for scores of other purposes, in articles useful and ornamental.

The wire rods, varying from a quarter to a half inch in thickness, which are received from the rolling mill in bundles, are heated and re-rolled in grooved rollers, one above another, so that the rod can run from the first roll to the second, and so on, without reheating. The rollers run with great rapidity, and the final groove reduces the rod to a coarse wire, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, which is ready for the first hole in the draw plate.

The draw plate, the most distinctive piece of mechanism in this manufacture, is a flat piece of hard steel, with holes corresponding to the various numbers or sizes to which wire for different purposes is drawn. The best ones are made of a combined plate of highly tempered wrought iron and steel, the steel face being on the side through which the wire is to come. The holes are tapering, the smallest end being on the steel side. For drawing very fine wire, in which the greatest uniformity is necessary, the plates are prepared with perforated rubies or other hard stones.

The wire is annealed and drawn cold. The machinery for doing this includes a draw bench, which lifts the wire from a reel to the first hole in the draw plate. The wire passes through to another reel or drum, on which it is wound, ready for its journey through the second orifice. The same process is continued down the series, until the wire is reduced to the required size. The wire has to be often annealed and cooled during the process, since it becomes less ductile and more brittle as it is drawn down. Grease and wax are used for lubricating. A method has come into use lately of covering brass wire with this film of copper, which is of great help in drawing, while the copper can be wholly removed at the last annealing.

The ductility of the metal and the size of the wire regulate the rapidity of drawing. Zinc is the least ductile of the metals used, then brass, next iron, steel, copper, silver, platinum and gold. As the wire becomes attenuated the speed may be increased. Iron and brass, according to size may be drawn from twelve inches per second to forty-five inches per second and the finer sizes of silver and copper which are drawn at the rate of sixty or seventy inches per second.

Silver wire has been run through plates of rubies to the length of one hundred and seventy miles, in which the most delicate test could detect no difference in diameter in any part. Gold and platinum have been drawn to a "spider line" for the field of a telescope, by coating the metal with silver, drawing it down to the finest number, and then removing the coating by acid, leaving the almost imperceptible interior wire, which, in an experiment made in London, was so attenuated that a mile's length weighed only a grain.

Our grandfather, Adam, was a very gallant gentleman, if we believe Milton, and used very heroic phrases to mother Eve, which the good lady must have listened to with rapture, as he spoke these words, that is, if she didn't deem them fattery.

Wit and Humor.

"De Perviansa, Josiar."

A sapient-looking Fayetteville darkey, oscillating between 20 and 25 summers, overtook an old negro on the street the other day, and wedging him in a fence corner, proceeded to acquaint him with all the gorgeous provisions of the civil rights bill. Young Africa imparted to old Africa a fund of valuable information, thusly:

"Well, Uncle Billy, Sumner's proviso, rights bill has passed de Senate ob de United States widout a murmur."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Yes so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we colored pawns is gwine to see how pervians is in de pot. We are gwine to be allowed to ride free on de railroads, smoke in de ladies' car, and put our feet on de pervians ob de seats whenever we please."

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A sapient-looking Fayetteville darkey, oscillating between 20 and 25 summers, overtook an old negro on the street the other day, and wedging him in a fence corner, proceeded to acquaint him with all the gorgeous provisions of the civil rights bill. Young Africa imparted to old Africa a fund of valuable information, thusly:

"Well, Uncle Billy, Sumner's proviso, rights bill has passed de Senate ob de United States widout a murmur."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Yes so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we colored pawns is gwine to see how pervians is in de pot. We are gwine to be allowed to ride free on de railroads, smoke in de ladies' car, and put our feet on de pervians ob de seats whenever we please."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Yes so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we gwine to be allowed to stop at de hotels, and eat at de head ob de table, and hab de biggest slices ob de chickens, and lay round in de parlor, and spit on de carpets, and make de white trash hustle demselves and wait on us widout grumble, and whenever de boss ob de concerns shoves a bill at us, we'll hab him sent to Washington and obscured in the plenipotentiary."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Yes so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we gwine to be allowed to go to de white schools and set up on de platform wid de teacher and learn geography, trigonometry, gonomy, Latin, Dutch, French, Choctaw, algebra, rheumatics, de role of three and de diarrhoea."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Yes so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we gwine to be allowed to be buried in italo coffins wid looking glasses on top ob dem, and dey will hab to carry us on a hearse to de grave yard and bury us on top ob de white folks, so when de day ob resurrection an arrived and de angel Gabri come tootin' along, he'll sing out two his trumpet, 'All you colored gemmen rise fast!' And say, Uncle Billy, de pervians ob dat bill—"

"What's dat you say 'bout pervians, Josiar?"

"Well, Uncle Billy, as I was gwine on to state, de pervians ob dat bill—"

"Stop right dar, Josiar. You say dar's pervians in dat bill?"

"Yes so, Uncle Billy. De pervians ob de bill—"

"Stop right dar, Josiar. Ef dar's pervians in dat bill, I want a sack ob flour dis berry minute. Don't care for de smokin' in de ladies' car, and de geography, and Latin, and de italo coffins; I want de pervians, Josiar. Dey's all dere in de bill waf a cent."

"I GOTS NUFF MITT SUFF FOOLISHNESS."—It is pleasant to become a parent, twice as pleasant, perhaps, to be blessed with twins, but when it comes to triplets we are a little dubious. Now there dwells in Jefferson county, Wisconsin, a worthy German, who a few years ago was presented by his wife with a son. Hand'said to her:

"Katrine, dat ish good."

A couple of years later the good woman placed before his astonished gaze a bouncing pair of twins.

"Vell," said Hans, "dat vash better ash der oder time; I thinks more as ten glass beer on dat."

But the good woman next gave birth to triplets, and that made him "shpoken his mouth shut a little."

"Mein Gott, Katrine! vat ish de matter on you? Petter you shlop dis pizness fure der come more ash a village full. I gott nuff mit sich foolishness!"

The following dialogue between a high-falutin lawyer and a plain witness is a good bit at the fashion of using big crooked words:

"Did the defendant knock the plaintiff down with malice prepense?"

"No, sir; he knocked him down with a flat iron."

"You misunderstand me, my friend; I wish to know whether he attacked him with any intent?"

"Oh, no, sir, it was outside the tent."

"No, no; I wish to know if it was a pre-concerted affair?"

"No, sir, it was not a free concert affair, it was a circus."

They have a judge in Florida who was arrested and put into the calaboose for drunkenness. While in confinement he endeavored to issue a writ of habeas corpus requiring the sheriff of Manatee county to seize his body and bring it before himself, in order that he might inquire into the legality of the confinement. The scheme was not satisfactory, and the judge served out his time in the calaboose.

A lecturer on optics, in explaining the mechanism of the organ of vision, remarked—"Let any man gaze closely into his wife's eye, and he will see himself looking so exceedingly small that"—

Here the lecturer's voice was drowned by the shouts of laughter and applause which greeted his scientific remark.

Says a wit, "Last year I saw a watch spring, a note run, a rope walk, a horse fly, and even the big trees leave. I even saw a plank walk, and a Third-avenue bank run; but the other day I saw a tree bow, a cat fish, and a stone fence. I am prepared to see the Atlantic coast, and the Pacific slope."

"Paddy," said a joker, "why don't you get your ears cropped, they are entirely too long for a man?" "And you," replied Pat, "ought to be lengthened, they are too short for an ass."

Bobbs complains that his wife is an infatigable. She shows him up every day, and makes him circulate until he actually feels that he is beyond redemption.

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